THE LADY'S MONITOR.

BE THOU THE FIRST OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND;
HIS PRAISE IS LOST WHO STAYS TILL ALL COMMEND.
POPE.

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ON APPARITIONS.

IN A LETTER FROM A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN TO HIS FRIEND IN TOWN.

PRAY, Sir, what is your opinion respecting the power which the living may obtain over the dead? I suppose you will easily see what it was that put me upon asking this question. Not long ago, an instance of this power was said to be given by a person in your city, and I want much to know the truth or falsehood of the tale.

Some business carried me to town just as the rumor began to circulate; but, as I had pressing calls from the country, I could not stay long enough to obtain satisfaction upon it. Will you tell me whether any thing, as to this transaction, has since occurred, and what your own opinion is concerning it.

I know you will smile at this request, and tell me that such tales are always confuted by their own absurdity. I confess to you that I shall not be contented with such an answer. State the circumstances, truly and minutely, if your leisure permits, and allow me to draw my own inferences. This is a fact which, I think, admits of evidence; and, in order to believe it, I ask no more than the grave assertions of a man whose veracity is generally known.

I know that *belief* is commonly very much at the service of *inclination*. "Credo quia placet," is a maxim that, in a greater or less degree, governs all of us, and, therefore, I do not pretend to be exempt from its influence. I rejoice at every thing which testifies the power which men may obtain over themselves or others. I am pleased to discover, that a piece of paper, with certain characters inscribed on it, commonly called a letter, is able to draw a living man from one end of the world to the other; but I am still more pleased to find, that a few sounds from the lips, or contortions of the limbs, will summon the dead from their invisible abodes. I do not wish you to deceive me, but, I tell you beforehand, that I shall be more pleased to receive from you a confirmation than a confutation of the story to which I allude.

You may suppose that, on my return home, I mentioned the rumor to Mr. S——. Perhaps you will like to know in what manner he received it. You know that, though a clergyman, he is unaccountably septical on this head; and, though always willing to hear, and apparently much amused by stories of this kind, he never scruples, however plausible they may be, to deny their truth.

I was somewhat surprized, therefore, to observe with what solemnity he listened to my tidings. As soon as I had done, he said that the incident was remarkable, and more so, in his eyes, on account of the resemblance which it bore to a transaction that had fallen within his own knowledge. I was inquisitive, of course, as to this transaction, and he readily gratified my curiosity.

You know, said he, that before I came to America, I superintended a congregation in Holstein. Curiosity and business sometimes called me away from home. On one occasion they happened to call me to Hamburg: while there, I ate and lodged with a medical professor in the college, who was once my school-fellow, and with whom I had been intimate from childhood. No man's veracity and rectitude were less questionable. He was not only void of superstition, but had, in fact, adopted, though he did not openly avow, opinions subversive of all religion.

On the day of my arrival, I accompanied him to dine with a magistrate of the city, highly respectable for probity and talents. The company was select, and consisted chiefly of old friends. An Hungarian gentleman, whom the Austrian government had exiled, on account of his attachment to liberty, was the only stranger present. This man was accomplished in many sciences, and his sufferings in a virtuous cause shewed that he did not merely prate about fortitude and patriotism.

Both my friend and I had much curiosity to see him. As he arrived only on the preceding day, this was the first opportunity that offered. He was a pale, emaciated, and tall personage. His countenance was serious and mild, and, in my opinion, very expressive of his character. His conversation abounded with proofs of acute penetration and large experience, chastened by modesty. In the course of talk, the nature of the soul and the condition of human beings after death, were discussed. Apparitions were, of course, introduced, and questions were canvassed, whether these shadowy witnesses had ever appeared at the bar, and what credit, even if they should appear, ought to be given to their testimony.

The Hungarian denied that he had ever beheld an appearance of this kind, but admitted the possibility of such appearances, ascribing them, however, to some internal affection of the organs of sense. Such affections were inexplicable and uncommon, but undoubtedly existed. They sometimes took place fortuitously; sometimes in consequence of the voluntary exertions, either of him who saw the image and heard the voice, or of some other.

The first part of the assertion was generally admitted, but the latter was denied. No one believed that apparitions and sounds could be called up, *at the will* of him to whom they appeared; much less that voices may be made to salute my ear, and images to hover in my sight, *at the will of another*.

The stranger seemed somewhat indignant at the unanimity and confidence with which his position was denied. All eyes were fixed upon him. He was silent, and his countenance indicated somewhat like a struggle of motives and resolutions. He at last said, "My friends, I am not surprized at your incredulity. I am half angry with myself for making an assertion which I may reasonably be required to prove, which, indeed, I *can* prove, but of which the proof cannot be given without much personal inconvenience and pain. This inconvenience I am willing to incur, to shew that my declaration was not precipitate and groundless, if any present are willing to be the subject of experiment."

The first emotions which these words excited bordered upon ridicule. Curiosity at length prompted some one to inquire into the nature of the experiment proposed to be made.

He answered, that any one present might retire from the company, and shut

himself up alone in a dark apartment; an illumination should immediately take place, and the image of one dead should appear before him. As to the individual appearing, it should be one named in the absence of the *seer*, and of whom the operator knew nothing but the name.

This promise being made, with undissembled gravity, excited a general desire to put his abilities to the test. No one present believed the possibility of such appearance, but each ascribed the Hungarian's confidence to a belief that his proposal would awaken the latent superstition of his hearers, and that their fears would deter them from embracing his offer; or, if any one should embrace it, either that his fancy would create a vision, or his pride induce him to profess that the vision was created.

All were now willing to undergo the trial. The wizard warned us that the regard due to his own ease would hinder him from repeating the experiment. It could be made but once, and but one person could experience the miracle. Our host was far from being most eager to enjoy the privilege; but his sobriety of mind, and his adherence to truth being well known, the preference, on this occasion, was willingly assigned to him.

The apartment which we occupied was connected with another by a door. Our host retired by this door into the next room, which had no other entrance except by windows, looking from a second story into the street. The evening had arrived, and the closed room was known to be without light.

Our surprize was somewhat excited on observing that the stranger seemed to have lost none of his confidence. All the company except our host, continued sitting round the table, and our attention had but one object.

I was less incredulous than my companions, and was, therefore, more interested in the issue of this adventure. The apparition was now to be named, and the privilege of naming him was, at my earnest request, assigned to me.

I had no doubt of the upright intentions of the magistrate. It was thought proper, however, to make suitable provision against deceit. For this end, a name was to be written in the blank leaf of a pocket volume, which I had with me. This name was to be shewn to the wizard, but concealed from the rest of the company, and, was not, on any account, to be uttered. The stranger was to continue in his seat during the process, and not to utter a syllable.

These preliminaries were performed. Three years before, the only and darling child of the magistrate died. The child's name was Catharine, but the father never called her by any other name than *Kit*. I believed that this domestic circumstance was unknown to the Hungarian, and knew that the phlegmatic temper of the magistrate would be more powerfully moved by this apparition than any other. I therefore wrote the simple monosyllable—*Kit*.

The stranger having cast his eye on the name, took from his pocket a small ivory cylinder, about three inches in length and half an inch thick. With this instrument he struck four strokes upon the table, at unequal intervals of some minutes. A pause of general and uninterrupted silence succeeded. Every eye was vigilantly bent upon the stranger.

His countenance, at first, betokened seriousness and deep abstraction. His eye was bent down and was immovably fixed for more than fifteen minutes. His tranquillity of features gradually gave place to emotion. The muscles of his face were observed to grow tremulous. This agitation became vehement, and extended to every muscle of his body. His hands were clasped forcibly together, and he breathed with difficulty.

This deportment was wholly unexpected by the company. They looked for nothing but an artificial fury, fostered and betokened by outcries and gesticulations. Instead of an intellectual operation, they expected the farce of incantation, mystic characters, traced with charcoal, and high-sounding jargon.

It was impossible for ludicrous sensations to find place during this exhibition. Silence and a fixed attitude added wonderfully to the terrific nature of the scene. Features, in an high degree intelligent, were now actuated by tremendous, but inscrutable meaning.

His feelings having reached a certain pitch, suddenly subsided. He moved his eyes, and said in a faint voice, "*It is past.*" Our attention was now transferred from the operator to the subject. After a pause of some minutes, the door opened, and the magistrate came forth, with consternation and dismay deeply written on his brow. As soon as he could speak, he exclaimed, "Good God! this is, indeed a miracle! I have seen my departed child!"

Every hand was laid upon the book in which the name had been written, and which, after being shewn to the magician, had been placed upon the table. Being all well acquainted with our host, the person designated by the monosyllable Kit, was instantly perceived.

After a momentary confusion, our host resumed his place at the table, and assured us, with a solemnity that could not be counterfeited, that the image of his child had stood before him.

In a short time after, some urgent duty of his office required his presence, and he left us in haste, promising to return as speedily as possible, and requesting us not to separate till then.

This incident excited in every mind a certain degree of faith, and, an earnest wish to ascertain the truth by our own inspection. After much importunity, and with slow reluctance, the Hungarian consented to repeat the experiment. The next subject was my friend, the medical professor. The rest instinctively recoiled from this adventure. I was highly pleased with this choice, because he was the only one where incredulity seemed undiminished, and because I best knew the stubbornness of his veracity.

The scene before described was repeated. The name was written by one of the visitants, and was that of my friend's brother, who had died in India, in the service of Hyder Ally. The same scene was repeated, and three strokes were again struck. My friend came forth with panick-struck and pallid features, and confessed that he had seen his brother.

A message was soon after received from the magistrate, apologizing for the unavoidable continuance of his absence, and requesting us to dine with him on the morrow. The company now separated, but not until the Hungarian had earnestly adjured them to conceal what they had witnessed.

In the way to my lodgings, my mind was fully occupied by reflections on this singular transaction. The Hungarian made no pretentions to supernatural aid. The power he possessed had, he said, been discovered by accident, and consisted only in calling up the image of the *seer*, and stretching every faculty with a vehement desire of succeeding in the attempt.

My friend and I had no sooner retired to his closet, than he confessed that the scene to which I had been a witness, was a sheer imposture. It was concerted in the morning, between the magistrate, the Hungarian and himself.

For what end? I asked.

Merely to try the force of testimony on the minds of our companions. It was intended that the truth should be disclosed before the meeting was at an end. This was prevented by the unseasonable engagement of our host, who, by inviting

us again to-morrow, intended, no doubt, to seize the earliest opportunity of undeceiving the company.

Is there not duplicity and falsehood in this affair?

Undoubtedly. Duplicity and falsehood are criminal, you will say, but recollect that this deception was to last for a moment; that no injury could flow from it; but a forcible example should be given of the power of a combination over the convictions of mankind. Our friends had boasted of their independence of all evidence but that of their own senses; yet, I warrant you, not one of them but finds his incredulity vanquished.

But what were the means of deception? How could you or the magistrate discover the persons whose names had been written?

Remember the strokes upon the table. A clock stood in each room, the motions of whose pendulums coincided. The first stroke was to warn our host to count the *clickings* of the clock. Each successive *click* from that signal, was to stand in its order for a letter of the alphabet. When that *click* arrived which corresponded with the first letter of the name, the stranger struck the table. This, likewise, was a signal for the enumeration to begin again. The remaining letters were designated in the same manner.

But that aspect of solemnity! those convulsions of the frame! was it possible to counterfeit them?

The Hungarian, it must be owned, was an excellent actor. There was, indeed, equivocation, rather than falsehood, in the words of our host. It was true, if he faced the south wall of the apartment, that the *image* of his child stood before him, since, on that wall, hung a *whole-length* of his darling *Kit*.

I was far from approving this imposture. I feared that more inconveniences would flow from it than the actors were aware of. My prognostics were fulfilled, for, notwithstanding the injunctions of secrecy, one of the company, soon after his return home, imparted the tidings to his wife and a company of gossips with whom he found her fire-side surrounded. The celerity with which the news flew through the city, is wholly inconceivable. By noon, next day, it was buzzed in every corner, and had descended, with sundry aggravations and additions, from the parlour to the kitchen, and from the palace to the hovel.

The credulous believed, the sceptical doubted, but all ran with speed to the fountains of intelligence, to the houses of those who were said to have been present when the necromancer waved his ivory wand, and spirits of the dead obeyed his call. The magistrate and professor, as the chief witnesses, were crowded with inquirers, to their unspeakable surprize and mortification. Physicians, clergymen, advocates, authors, and gazetteers, hastened to their lodgings to obtain a confirmation of the tale. Parties were formed, and the Hungarian was importuned to give a thousand exhibitions of his skill.

The public were slowly and imperfectly undeceived. Rumour carried the miracle farther than the confutation would ever reach. Much obloquy was thrown upon the persons who were instrumental to the fraud. The Hungarian, for fear of being mobbed and hooted at for holding commerce with the devil, was compelled to leave the city.

You see, my friend, that there is a tolerable likeness between your story and mine. The *denouement* may be different. When it comes, as come it will, we shall see: mean-while I shall wait with all imaginable patience.

F. R.

Travels.

OF THE POLICY AND GOVERNMENT OF CHINA.

By a Chinese Traveller.

Amongst the several models and plans of governments which the ancients framed, we shall perhaps meet with none so perfect and exact as is that of the Chinese monarchy. The ancient lawgivers of this potent empire formed it, in their days, very little different from what it is in ours. Other states, according to the common fate of the things of this world, are sensible of the weakness of infancy; are born misshapen and imperfect; and, like men, they owe their perfection and maturity to time. China seems more exempted from the common laws of nature; and as though the Supreme Being himself had founded their empire, the plan of their government was not a whit less perfect in its cradle, than it is now after the experience and trial of four thousand years.

During all which time the Chinese had never so much as heard of the name of a republic; and when lately, on the arrival of the Hollanders, they heard of it, it seemed so strange to them, that they have scarcely yet done admiring at it. Nothing could make them understand how a state could regularly be governed without a king. They looked upon a republic to be a monster with many heads, formed by the ambition, headiness, and corrupt inclination of men in times of public disorder and confusion.

As they bear an aversion to republican government, so they are yet more set against tyranny and oppression, which they say proceeds not from the absoluteness of the prince's power, but from his wildness, which neither the voice of nature, nor the laws of God, can ever countenance. The Chinese are of opinion, that the obligation which is laid on their kings not to abuse their power, is rather a mean to confirm and establish them, than to occasion their ruin; and that this useful constraint, which they themselves lay on their passions, does not more diminish their power or authority here on earth, than the like constraint derogates from the majesty and power of the Almighty, who is not the less powerful because he cannot do evil.

An unbounded authority which the laws give the Emperor, and the necessity which the same lay upon him to use that authority with moderation and discretion, are the two props which have for so many ages supported this great fabric of the Chinese monarchy. The first principle, therefore, that is instilled into the people, is to respect their prince with so high a veneration as almost to adore him. They stile him the son of heaven, and the only master of the world. His commands are indisputable. His words carry no less authority with them than if they were oracles. In short, every thing that comes from him is sacred. He is seldom seen, and never spoken to but on the knees. The grandees of the court, the princes of the blood, nay, his own brothers bow to the ground, not only when he is present, but even before the throne; and there are set days every week or month, on which the nobility assemble, who meet in one of the courts of the palace to acknowledge the authority of their prince, by their most submissive adorations, though he, perhaps, be not there in person.

When he is ill, the palace is full of Mandarines of every order, who spend night and day in a large court, in habits proper for the occasion, to express their own grief, and to ask of heaven their prince's cure. Rain,

snow, cold, or any other inconveniencies, excuse them not from the performance of this duty; and as long as the Emperor is in pain, or in danger, any one that saw the people would think that they feared nothing but the loss of him.

The towns of China are generally divided into four parts, and those again into several smaller divisions, each of which contains ten houses, over every one of which subdivisions an officer presides, who takes notice of every thing which passes in his little ward, tells the Mandarine what contentions or extraordinary things happen, and what strangers come thither or go thence. The neighbourhood is obliged to give mutual assistance, and in case of any alarm, to lend one another a helping hand; for if any theft or robbery is committed during the night, the neighbourhood must contribute towards repairing the loss. Lastly, in every family the father is responsible for the disorders and irregularities committed either by his children or servants.

The gates of the cities are well looked after, and even in time of peace are shut up at the approach of night. In the day time there are guards to examine all who come in. When they observe any thing extraordinary or suspicious, they take the person up, or inform the Mandarine of it. So that European missionaries, whose aspect is infinitely different from that of the Chinese, are known at first sight; and those who have not the Emperor's approbation, find it very difficult to make a long journey.

In certain places, as at Pekin, as soon as night comes on, they tie chains across the streets: the guards go the patrole up and down the principal streets, and guards and centinels are placed here and there. The horse go the rounds upon the fortifications; and woe be to him who is found then from home. Meetings, masquerades, and balls, and such like night-works, are good, say the Chinese, for none but thieves and the mob. Orderly people ought, at that time, either to sit up providing for their family, or else to take their rest, that they may be refreshed, and better able the next day to manage the business of the family.

Gaming is forbidden both to the common people and the gentry. This, however, does not hinder the Chinese from playing, sometimes even so long, as till they had lost all their estates, their houses, their children, and their wives, which they sometimes hazard upon a card; for there is no degree of extravagance to which the desire of lucre and riches will not carry a Chinese.

What I have said concerning wives, that their husbands may sell them, or lose them at play, puts me in mind to give some account of the rules which their civil constitution, rather than their religion, has ordained concerning marriages. Those who have a mind to marry, do not, as among us, follow their own fancies in the choice of a wife. They never see the women they are to have, but take her parents' word in the case; or else they have their information from some old women, who seldom give a just description of her whom they go to view.

The woman's parents generally give money to these emissaries, to oblige them to give a favourable character. It is for the advantage of the parents that their daughter should be reputed handsome, witty, and genteel; because the Chinese buy their wives, and, as in other merchandize, they give more or less according to the good or bad properties of them.

When the parties are agreed about the price, the contract is made, and the money paid down. Then preparation is made on both sides for the nuptial solemnities. When the day of marriage is come, they carry the bride in a sumptuous chair, before which go hautboys, drums and fifes, and after it follow her parents, and other particular friends of her family. All the portion which she brings, is her marriage-garments, some clothes and household goods, which her father presents her with. The bridegroom stands at his door, richly attired, waiting for her. He himself opens the sedan, which is closely shut; and having conducted her into a chamber, delivers her to several women, invited thither for that purpose, who spend there the day together in feasting and sporting, while the husband in another room entertains his friends and acquaintance.

This being the first time that the bride and bridegroom see each other, and one, or both, perhaps, not liking their bargain, it is frequently a day of rejoicing for their guests, but of sorrow for themselves. The women must submit, though they do not like, because their parents have sold them; but the husbands sometimes are not so complaisant; for there have been some, who, when they first opened the sedan to receive the bride, repulsed by her shape and aspect, have shut the chair, and sent her, and her parents, and friends back again, willing rather to lose their money than enter upon so bad a purchase.

Although a man be allowed but one wife, he may have as many concubines as he pleases. All the children have an equal claim to the estate, because they are reckoned as the children of the wife, even though they be those of the concubines. They all call the wife mother, who is, indeed, sole mistress of the house. The concubines serve and honour her, and have no manner of authority or power but what they derive from her.

The Chinese think it a strange thing that the Europeans are not allowed to have concubines; yet they confess it is a commendable sign of moderation in them. But when we observed to them the troubles, quarrels, contentions, and jealousies which many women must needs occasion in a family, they say that there was no state without some inconvenience; but that perhaps there were more crosses in having but one, than in having many women. The best way, they owned, was to have none at all.

GOSSIPING: A DIALOGUE.

Mrs. L. Ah, Mrs. B. I am glad to see you. How do you do ma'am?

Mrs. B. Why, ma'am, not very well. I have had a cold for several days. Last Thursday night I went to pay a visit to our new neighbour, and didn't put on a shall: you know the wheather was quite cool, and Mr. B. advised me to put on one, but I says to him, says I——

Mrs. L. O, ma'am, did you know Sammy Wiffet is going to be married to his rich cousin at last? I always told you it would be a match. The family, I knew, would never let such a fine fortune go out of it. I'm told they are going to live at her father's on the North-River. I pity her, poor thing, for that. The old lady, I understand, has not the best temper in the world. Besides, I'm told, she is not heartily for the match. She thinks the girl and boy are too young for

marriage, and 'pon my word, I think so too. I do assure you she is no more than fifteen, and he, I can't tell his age exactly, but I remember he was born about the time of my Jemmy's marriage; and that is, let me see, next November will be——pray (looking out at the window) whose coach is that?

Mrs. B. Why, ma'am, I don't know; some upstart's, I dare say; but my cold's so distressing, and I have not been out of the house this five days, and havn't seen a soul at home, and just run over to have a little chat with you, though Mr. B. was much against my going out till I'm quite recovered. 'If you must go,' says he, 'be sure to put on a shawl.' So I says to Betty, 'Betty' says I, 'do run up to my room and bring ——'

Mrs. L. Ah, ma'am, now I think of it, let me ask you if you've heard whether the Calthorpes are going to stay in their house this year? I'm told they're going to give it up and going to live in the country: business is so dull, and the yellow fever, and Mrs. Calthorpe's health is so bad, and their young children, and altogether, makes them resolve to go into the country. So they give out; but I understand the true reason is, Mr. Calthorp's affairs —— But I beg you'll not mention this again as coming from me; it's mere report, and I dare say an't true; but I just tell you what Iv'e heard: it was whispered to me as a great secret, by Mrs. Pry, who told me not to mention it to any body, and I woudn't, except to a particular friend who will keep it to herself. Mr. Calthorpe's affairs are quite *deranged*, and he leaves town to prevent his ruin; and that, I think, is quite prudent. To be sure, he's lived in quite too high a style since his marriage. His wife had no fortune; he married her a poor *ga'al*, an orphan, poor thing, and living altogether on her aunt, who brought her up. Pray, ma'am, have you heard any thing of their affairs?

Mrs. B. Why, ma'am, now you put me in mind, I *did* hear something of these folks. A gentleman, a relation of my husband's, a Mr. ——, I declare Iv'e forgot his name, a tall, portly man. Mr. B. invited him to dine with us on Sunday, and told me his name. The day before, he says to me, says he, 'let's have something nice to-morrow, for I've asked Mr. ——, I can't think of his name, I wonder I'm so forgetful; but my cold's so troublesome that I don't remember nothing. I wanted to take advice, but Mr. B. laughed me out of it. 'Woudn't it be as well', says I, 'my dear, to send for Dr. Bolus? I'm afraid,' says I, 'this shocking cold will settle on my lungs.' This was on Friday night about dusk, and just as I was speaking, who should go by (I was sitting at the window) but the Doctor himself. So my husband called him in, and so——

Mrs. L. Ah, ma'am, that puts me in mind of something I wanted to ask you. I'm told Dr. Bolus is really engaged to the widow Waddle, and that they're to be married very shortly. The widow, I understand, has a pretty snug estate, and no children, and the Doctor's practice, they tell me, is lessening every day, since that unfortunate mistake of his with Polly Pepperill's child. I suppose you've heard of this story. The poor child was drooping for some time, and the Doctor was called, and he said it was the meazles, and that no time wasn't to be lost; and he physick'd and physick'd till the poor child actually died. 'Twas a sad mistake, indeed, of the Doctor's. I'm told the family was very angry, and the Doctor hasn't held up his head since. Its high time the Doctor was married, if he means to be at all; though, for my part, I cant' say I'm overfond of late marriages. What do you think, ma'am?

Mrs. B. Why, ma'am, I must needs say I don't like them at all. I was married myself at seventeen, and I'm sure I have no reason in the world to repent that I was married so early. Mr. B. was four years older than I was; but twenty-one, you know, ma'am, is quite young for a man: and Mr. B. was in a good way of business to maintain a family; and to be sure, we've had a family to maintain; for Mr. B's sisters were dependant on him. They lived at our house till they were married. When Jemmy Mather courted Patty, who was the last, I was heartily glad; for you can't think, ma'am, how disagreeable it is to have many mistresses in a family. When the wedding was fixed, 'I'm sure,' says I to Mr. B. 'I'm glad on't. The poor girl will get an husband, at last,' says I, 'and that's what she's wanted,' says I, 'a long time.' Patty was quite too fine a lady for me, and she greatly imposed upon her brother's good nature. She used to teaze him for tickets to the play and the assemblies. One night we made up a party ——

Mrs. L. Ah, ma'am, now you talk of maiden sisters, what, I wonder, will become of Betsy Bolus if her brother marries? I'm told she's no friend to the match. The widow, I understand, made it a condition with the Doctor, that Betsy should live somewhere else. She is quite of your opinion, that one mistress in a family is enough. And Betsy, they tell me, is a little of the old maid in her temper; peevish as the deuce; always quarrelling with the maids. The Doctor can't keep a servant more than a month. The girl who lives with me, lived with them some time, and tells odd stories of Miss Betsy's peevishness.

Mrs. B. O dear! its clouded up, I see. It looks very like for rain. I must run home before it wets, or I shall only increase my cold. Mr. B. made me promise to come home if there was the least sign of rain; so good night, ma'am. Pray come over soon; it's a long time since you've called, and I hope you'll come shortly. Good night.

Mrs. L. O, ma'am, what's your hurry? Do stay a little longer and take tea, its just coming in.

Mrs. B. Can't, indeed, ma'am. Good night, good night. N.

ENCOMIUM ON THE BIBLE.
BY SIR WILLIAM JONES.

I HAVE regularly and attentively read the Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion, that this volume, *independently* of its divine origin, contains more sublimity and beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age or language they may have been composed.

OLD PARR.

When this strange old man was introduced to Charles I. and his queen, he presented a petition, mentioning his great age, and intreating such notice as they should think proper to bestow. "And pray, old man," said the queen, what have you, who have lived so long, done more than other men? "An' please your majesty," replied Parr, "I did penance for a bastard child when I was above an hundred years old."

New-York.
SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1802.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MONITOR.

SIR,

YOUR wishes shall be gratified. With pleasure I embrace the task assigned me. You are anxious to be informed of the particulars of my last ramble. The incidents are many, and require some time to relate; but you shall be satisfied.

The office of an Observer, though often pleasant, and absolutely necessary to the happiness of such as seek to ameliorate the condition of man, has also its equal share of pain; and the portion is enhanced when a female is the object of his inquiry. Hard, indeed, must be the heart of him who would not seek to mitigate the sorrows of the unfortunate, though brought upon themselves by indiscretion or credulity. Kotzebue sends curses on the head of the son that could find his mother guilty, though the world should call her so.

In one of my late rambles, I was overtaken by a shower of rain. I sought shelter from the earth-cheering element in a cottage, by the side of the Hudson, on the Jersey shore. I was hospitably received by a middle-aged woman, and requested to take a seat by a cheerful fire.

The greatest niceness and simplicity was visible in every thing which this residence contained; and it required not the eyes of Argus to discover, that the lady had been bred up in the polished circles of a city. I was disposed to make the most of my accidental visit. "This," said I, "may turn to good account. The visitation from Heaven has caused my visit here. I may learn much; but can lose nothing from what I already know. If the lady is conversive, I shall be gratified....if she is unfortunate, I will sympathize with her, and soothe her melancholy....if she is not so, I shall rejoice, and my chamber shall resound with orisons to the giver of all good."

"May I venture to ask, Madam, how long you have resided here, and whether your husband is living? Do not attribute these questions to impertinence. Your appearance naturally suggests them."

"Friendly interrogations," replied she, with the greatest good nature, "will never be attributed, by me, to impertinence. We can never know too much; and he who is possessed of great gifts, will ever seek for greater. His heart will expand at a tale of human woe; and he would be glad to wipe away all tears from all eyes. Your questions are short, but require a long explanation. This must comprehend the incidents of my past life, which might prove tedious, and detain you longer than you would be willing to stay. I will, however, give them a brief answer."

She began her story as follows:

"I am the youngest daughter of a gentleman, of considerable respectability, at Albany. My sisters, as well as myself, shared the felicity of a father's love and care. He gave us as good an education as the city, at that period, could bestow; and our days glided on smoothly, with happiness in perspective. Young ladies, before marriage, seldom suffer their minds to be at peace. Agitations are natural when sexual propensities increase; and I was not exempt from what often proves fatal to our sex. HILARIO was a young man possessed of all the graces. To an engaging figure, he added a mind of the first order, and his very soul spoke from his eyes. He was ever attentive to me, and at all places my humble servant. I need not inform you that he gained my affections.... I adored him....lived in him. He had been bred to the law, and, as I afterwards experienced, possessed the requisite qualifications for a successful practice. He was dark, subtle, and given to intrigue....bold and enterprising. My father never liked him; probably, because he thought him a dangerous man. Our interviews were often....he professed the most unbounded attachment to me....and, when he left me, my eyes followed him to his residence. We had agreed that he should ask my father's consent to our union the next day. Accordingly, he called upon him for that purpose. My father gave him a refusal, as delicate as the nature of the case required. He then came and informed me what had passed between them; at the same time affirming, with all the vehemence of passion, that he could not live without me. I was young, and unskilled in the arts of a seducer. I willingly believed every word he uttered, being fully persuaded he could not err. He proposed elopement....said we would be married at the next town....and that his whole life should be spent in testifying his gratitude....his unbounded love. I yielded to his wishes....we were married at Hudson....and soon after arrived in New-York. For two years I had no cause to complain of his conduct, his art and address concealing his transactions. I then began to awake from my dream. The very qualities which made me at first love him, still remained in his possession, and were now employed to gain the affections of others. HILARIO was a perfect libertine when he first visited me. His duplicity had blinded my eyes for four years; but the veil was now removed. He associated with gamblers, and kept a mistress....the first obliged him to fly his country, and the last caused his death after he had fled. I left the city, and retired to this obscure dwelling, where the food of each day has been watered by my tears.... where youthful folly has been atoned for by penetential prayers....and where, through the goodness of God, I have regained my father's esteem. This day has the good old man importuned me to return to the bosom of my family....accept his forgiveness....and again be happy. In a few days I shall go, happy in being able to "rock the cradle of declining age."

Here she paused. The rain had subsided ....the clouds were dispersed....and all nature seemed to smile on her prospect of future felicity. I thanked her for her goodness, and left the cottage exclaiming: "Man is by nature false, fickle and inconstant. Women should be ever on their guard, and, with caution, trust them. On no pretence, whatever, should they abandon the authors of their existence for an imaginary good: to follow those they know not whom, they know not where."

OBSERVER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MONITOR.

SIR,

The following petition of WHITE STOCKINGS, is humbly addressed to the LADIES, earnestly requesting their candid attention to the important truths therein contained. Please insert it.

WE your petitioners having of late experienced much neglect from you, and which we think altogether unmerited, are induced, by a sense of your goodness and our wrongs, to lay our case before you,

and pray for a redress of grievances.—Knowing that we have ever served you according to the best of our abilities, and confident that none can do better, we feel not a little chagrin, mixed with the deepest sorrow, to be thus publicly neglected, and see our places usurped by those who, to say the most, cannot contribute more than we to your comfort, while they derogate much, very much, from your appearance. You were designed by nature to be the perfection of beauty, and the ornament of all creation; and though your charms may now and then throw a weak-headed young man into the water, or hitch him to the limb of a tree, we do not think you are under any obligation to become less charming or less agreeable. Every thing that is injurious to your appearance must operate more or less to your disadvantage. Now, whether this is not the case with the present rage for dark coloured stockings, we are willing the best judges of dress should determine. Perhaps your ladyships may think that, as stockings are but little seen, they cannot contribute much either for or against your appearance; but we assure you that such an opinion is without foundation: and we can testify from knowledge of our own, that no article of dress is more particularly observed, especially by the men. Often have we heard them say that nothing can contribute more to the appearance of a lady, than a handsome shoe and fine white stocking; and that, without these, it would be impossible for her to appear as if she was elegantly or completely dressed.

We feel ourselves in duty bound to give you every information upon the subject that can operate to your advantage. It cannot, therefore, be amiss to inform you, that before we were displaced from the office which we held under you, all the young gentlemen, as they saw you pass, would look at your feet with a secret kind of pleasure; and if by a brisk wind, or any other way, your clothes were removed so as to discover a well-shaped ankle, and a beautiful white stocking, how would they slily steal a squint, and enjoy the sight with rapture. But now the case is different; for as soon as they discover a lady with black stockings, they turn away their eyes with disgust. Yes, so displeasing are they to them, and so much do they injure your appearance, that they cannot even look at you with pleasure while your feet are to be seen. It is said that the Peacock, which delights so much in his gaudy attire, and exhibits his golden plumes with pride, if he happens to look down upon his feet and legs, is so mortified with their deformity, that he forgets the beauty of his feathers, and could hide himself for shame. Now, why young ladies, who have adopted this black-legged fashion, should not experience the same feelings, we your petitioners cannot imagine, unless they consider natural deformities more disgusting than those which are artificial.

It is almost unaccountable, that the rage for new fashions should lead people to imitate even the deformities of those they despise. A short time since, the young beaux discovered much beauty in the curly hair of the Negroes: they accordingly had their own hair curled on all parts of the head, and frizzled, and crisped, and snarled in every direction, without any form or comeliness, intermixed with a large quantity of powder and pomatum, altogether exhibiting a scene of confusion, a true picture of the chaos within.

But as the head does not come within our province, we will leave it, although we know not how soon some ill-contrived fashion may place us there. As man can have no claim to beauty, or a fop to the title of man, it is no matter how unadorned the former appears, nor how ridiculous the latter. But with you the case is far different. The parent of nature has given you the seed of every beauty and every charm, and it is your duty to cultivate and bring them all to maturity, whether they belong to the body or mind.

Let, then, the beaux imitate the Negroes if they please, but why need you follow their example? Why should you, because the ladies of colour are naturally black about the feet, introduce a fashion that will make you appear in the same manner?—We cannot conceive of but one advantage that can arise from it, and that is, that it will enable the black women to appear in fashion without any expence.

But lest we should tire your patience, we shall only add, that when you consider the disadvantageous appearance which you make since we have been displaced, and that we have never, by misbehaviour or neglect, forfeited your favour and good opinion, we cannot but flatter ourselves that our enemies will be removed, and we reinstated in our proper places, as we in duty bound shall ever pray.

WHITE STOCKINGS.

LONDON FASHIONS

FOR FEBRUARY, 1802.

Full Dress.

1. Full or dancing dress of white muslin; the train very long, and trimmed round the bottom with black and yellow trimming; over the train a plain drapery, nearly meeting behind, and trimed all round with a trimming the same as the train; the back plain, and ornamanted with alternate bows of black and yellow; full sleeves of lace and muslin. Small hat of white satin, turned up in front, and ornamented with black and yellow ostrich feathers.

2. Evening or Opera dress: made of white satin, and trimmed with swansdown fur. A mantle of the same, trimmed also with swansdown. A hat of black velvet, ornamented with one large ostrich feather.

Head Dresses.

1. A bonnet of buff satin, turned up in front, and trimmed with brown fur and ribbon; a brown feather in front.

2. A close bonnet of black velvet, trimmed with purple. A large purple feather fixed on one side to fall over the front.

3. A cap of white lace, with a deep lace border; bows of white ribbon on the front and left side.

4. A morning cap of fine muslin; the front confined and finished with white ribbon; the crown full, and finished on the left side, with a long end.

5. A cap of lace, made open behind to admit the hair, and ornamented with an ostrich feather.

6. A cap of white satin, and ornamented with a small wreath of coquelicot flowers.

7. A close cap of white satin, trimmed round the front with fancy trimming, and ornamented with flowers.

8. A Parisian cap made of worked muslin, lined with pink silk; a deep lace border round the front.

9. A cap of lace, drawn up close behind, and finished with a lace frill; a coquelicot feather or flower in front.

General Observations.

The prevailing colours are scarlet, purple, yellow, and brown. Short pelisses lined with scarlet or purple, and trimmed all round with fur, are very much worn; the petticoats are generally trimmed with narrow flounces. Except in very full dress, flowers are more adopted than feathers; the most favorite flowers at present are those intermixed with steel beads and bugles.

Parision Fashions.

Buff colour satin hats, with amaranthus colour drapery, are very fashionable; as are apricot velvet hats trimmed with amaranthus colour ribbons, with gold stripes and feathers of the same colour, others of capuchine-colour velvet, with ribbons the same coulour, and some of pale blue velvet, with blue feathers. The head dresses in hair, that were entirely out of fashion, are again in favour; some ornamented with a polished steel diadem. The caps worn under turbans are in general made of black velvet, spangled, instead of poppy colour.

MARRIED,

At Stratford, (Con.) on the 28th March, Mr. WILLIAM CAIRNS, Merchant, of the House of Chesebrough & Cairns, of this city; to the amiable Miss ELIZA WALKER, daughter of ROBERT WALKER, Esq.

Parnassian Garland.

LINES TO CYNTHIA.

BY DR. WOLCOT.

Go zephyr and whisper the maid,
That I sigh at her cruel delay!
Go tell her the son of the shade,
Is silent while she is away.

'Twas her beauty gave life to the vale,
And fill'd ev'ry swain with delight;
'Twas her voice that enliv'nd the gale,
'Twas her charms that gave lustre to night.

But since she is fled from our eye,
The pleasures are gone with the fair:
The streamlet moves on with a sigh,
Each grot seems the haunt of despair.

Oh bring her once more to our plain,
You'll find her where innocence roves:
The graces are all in her train,
And her cot is the seat of the loves.

A LYRIC ODE.

FROM dreams I wake to real woe,
While winds from every quarter blow,
And urge the beating rain;
I'll leave my pillow steep'd in tears,
And try to dissipate my cares,
With my sweet lyre again.

Ah! were is fancy's magic pow'r.
That us'd to charm each dreary hour,
And gild the darkest storm?
E'en in the howling of the wind,
Soft gentle murmurs she could find,
Breath'd by some airy form!

Oft has she borne me on her wing,
To climes that know eternal spring,
To sweet *Arcadian* vales;
To where the violet's fragrant breath,
Perfumes unseen the desart heath,
With aromatic gales.

To groves whose dark embrowning shades,
Skirted with ever verdant meads,
And woodbine mantling round;
With streams whose velvet margins bear,
The blushing rose, and lily fair,
Spontaneous on the ground.

But now no more her presence cheers;
Her wand no soft enchantment rears,
To sooth my heart-felt pain:
How loud the tempest's horrid roar,
I see the wrecks on ev'ry shore,
And hear the dying strain.

My mind congenial with the gloom,
That hides fair nature's fairest bloom,
Welcomes contending storms;
Sad emblems of the griefs that prey,
And waste my widowed heart away,
In retrospective forms.

THE VERNAL MORN.

THE gloomy shades of night are flown,
Bright Phoebus gilds the morn,
And blushing from his eastern throne,
Impearls the dewy lawn.

Favonian gales on airy wings,
The taintless air perfume;
Each grove with vocal music rings,
And nature smiles in bloom.

The silver floods glide by their banks,
And fertilize the mead;
While tender lambs in sportive pranks,
Enjoy the verdant feed.

The rustics from their beds arise,
To till the fallow soil,
And gain by work the lawful prize,
Of unremitted toil.

Bright are the charms of early day,
When Nancy trips the plain,
And with a smile rewards the lay,
Of many a love-sick swain.

FLORIO.

ELEGY TO PITY.

SWEET maid of aspect sad and tearful eye,
Whose every thought is goodness mix'd with grief,
Whose breast, when misery calls, oft heaves the sigh,
And whose kind hand oft gives the wish'd relief!

Pure are the pleasures, pleasing are the pains,
Of him whose breast thou mak'st thy soft abode;
He all the pride of ruthless wealth disdains,
And boasts the nobler feeling of a *God*.

Come, heavenly maid, and fill my longing breast,
Instruct these eyes with others grief to flow,
These ears to bend to misery's fond request,
This heart to melt at tales of human woe.

With thee what bliss to range the wide world o'er,
Each son of want and wretchedness to seek,
On bleeding minds the healing balm to pour,
And wipe the tear from sorrow's faded cheek.

What tho' with thee nor noise nor frolic dwell;
What tho' loud laughter never swell thy train!
Poor is all pleasure but from acting well,
And transient mirth oft yields to lasting pain.

Thy sighs are luxury and thy tears are bliss;
Come, lovely nymph, and all thyself impart;
Each joy, each pleasure I resign but this,
To taste those griefs thou giv'st the feeling heart.

D. D.

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